

OPEN PARAPETS FROM NORMANDY.

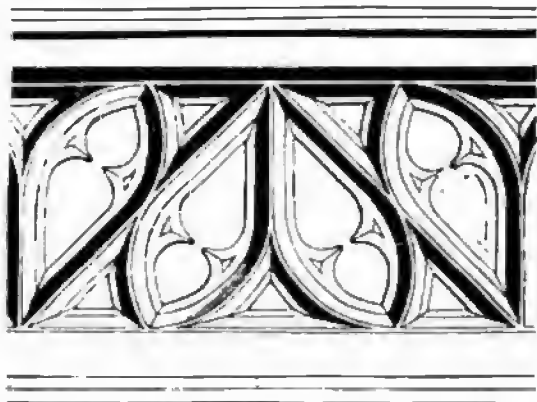


FIG. 1.

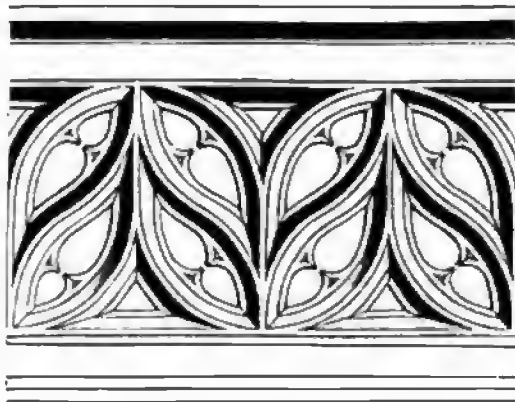


FIG. 2.

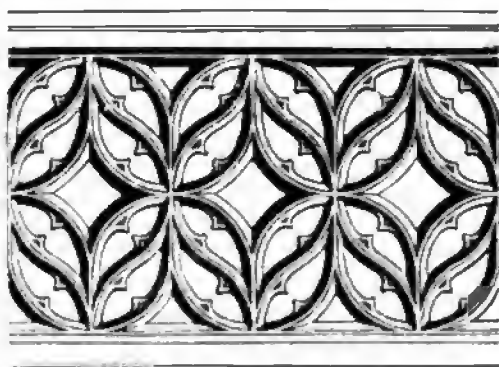


FIG. 3.

OPEN PARAPETS FROM NORMANDY.

THE accompanying specimens of open parapets are from churches in Normandy. Nos. 1 and 2 are from the Cathedral of Evreux, and No. 3 from S. Sauveur. No. 1 belong to the second or Rayonnant period, and are much inferior in elegance of design to the others, which are of the third or Flamboyant period. This remark is applicable to all French tracery: in fact, in this respect, the Rayonnant and Flamboyant periods of French architecture are perfectly analogous to the geometrical and flowing divisions of the middle-pointed period of English architecture.

J. G. H.

A QUERY FOR THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS.

To stand or not to stand? that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler, as a worthy monument To the art, the science, and the peace of nations To preserve the Crystal Palace where it is, Or exert a power against the world's desire, And, by destroying, end it?

J. H.

THE Rev. Dr. Croly, of Walbrook, in the course of an eloquent sermon delivered the day after the Exhibition closed to the public, said:—

"The Great Industrial Exhibition is now come to a natural end; but the structure stands till next year. The public feeling would see its demolition with reluctance. Why should it not receive a still more elevating exhibition? We are about to build a National Gallery at the cost of, perhaps, a hundred thousand pounds. Why should not this structure be the substitute? I would go further, and ask, why should it not be offered to our artists, who now complain of want of space in the yearly Exhibition? Why should it not be offered to the fine arts of all the world? Why should not England summon the painters, sculptors, and architects of Europe, and of the earth, to send their works to this structure? A slight share in the revenue of this display would bring together all the *chefs d'œuvre* of the globe. This use of the

structure would have the eminent advantages of rendering London the metropolis of the universal arts, of giving the finest embellishment to the capital, of enriching the public taste, of softening the feelings of strangers, and above all of giving the civilised world a genial, a vivid, and permanent interest in the peace of England."

"It is remarkable," said the Rev. gentleman, in another part of his discourse, "that the mechanical arts seem capable of perpetual advance, while the works of intellectual elegance, elevation, and loveliness, arrive at a sudden limit, and stand there fixed for ages. The world, in three thousand years, has seen no superior to Homer. Demosthenes is still the prince of orators. The Parthenon is still the sublime of architecture. The sculpture of Greece is still the wonder, the envy, and the imitation of mankind. In modern art Raphael is still supreme—the head of that brilliant multitude whose rising flashed new light on Italy and Europe.

'Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rose brightest.'

These men were rare, because intellectual delight is not a necessity of man. They have had their race, and a noble one: they have shown us of what beauty, power, and delight the human mind is capable. They are like beacons on the promontory, cheering the mariner's night by their lonely splendour, and even throwing light on the perils of his course, yet which he never thinks of approaching. But the perpetual necessities of life demand more direct resources, more instant remedies, more continued and homelier helps on our rugged way. To provide man with better food, better dwellings, and better clothing is the palpable intention of that mighty Master whom we serve. 'The greatest happiness of the greatest number,' which in politics means only confusion, but in theology means Providence, is, beyond all question, the purpose of God. And for that purpose mechanical dexterity is destined to a constant, comprehensive, and accelerated progression. I have no doubt

whatever that mankind will yet see machinery relieving them from all the severe, dark, and disheartening labours which now degrade man himself into a machine; that posterity will at length bear no more of suffocation in mines, of the deleterious toil of the swamp, or of the perpetual fever that wastes man away in the foundry, in the poisoned air of the midnight factory, or in the unventilated bowels of cities; that machinery will have expunged from human recollection the thousand bitternesses of that unnatural and unallotted toil which shrivels the cheek of beauty, and withers the arm of strength; which turns youth into decrepitude, makes life only a longer disease, and almost effaces the image of God from the mind of man."

THE LATE MR. SAMUEL BEAZLEY.
ARCHITECT AND DRAMATIST.

THE death of Mr. Beazley, which occurred on the 12th of October, will be regretted by all who knew him. He was an extraordinary man, and has had an eventful life: the story of it fully written would form a singular volume. Mr. Beazley was born in Parliament-street, in 1786, and was in his 66th year when he died. On the day previously he had attended a meeting of the Committee of Renters at Drury-lane Theatre, apparently in the enjoyment of good health and spirits. After the meeting he went to his country residence, Tonbridge Castle, Kent, and on the following morning was seized with an apoplectic fit, from which he never recovered. He was interred in the burial-ground attached to the Old Church at Bermondsey. From his childhood his tastes were dramatic and artistic. When only twelve years old, we are told, at school at Acton, he wrote a farce, and put together the theatre in which it was acted. Since then he has written or arranged more than 100 dramatic pieces, two novels—"The Ozonians" and "The Rouge"—and a large number of detached articles. Amongst the former may be mentioned "Is he Jealous" (for the introduction of the late